

Welcome To Fairy Tail

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Summary: A friendly desert community where the sun is hot, the moon is beautiful, and mysterious lights pass over head as its citizens pretend to sleep. Are they fairies? Who knows. Welcome to Fairy Tail

## 1. Welcome to Fairy Tail

**\*\*Welcome To Fairy Tail\*\***

**\_\*\*Juvia:\*\*\_** A friendly desert community where the sun is hot, the moon is beautiful, and mysterious lights pass overhead while we all pretend to sleep. Are they fairies? Who knows? Welcome to Fairy Tail..\_

\_Hello listeners. To start things off I've been asked to read this brief notice: the city council announces the opening of a new dog park at the corner of Earl and Summerset near the Conbolt's. They would like to remind everyone that dogs are not allowed in the dog park. People are not allowed in the dog park. It is possible you will see hooded figures in the dog park. Do not approach them. Do not approach the dog park. The fence is electrified and highly dangerous. Try not to look at the dog park, and especially do not look for any period of time at the hooded figures. The dog park will not harm you.\_

\_And now the news.\_

\_Little Wendy, out near the car lot says some Exceeds revealed themselves to her; said they were two feet tall, winged, and one of them was black; said they helped her with various household chores. One of them changed a light bulb for her, the porch light. She's offering to sell the old lightbulb, which has been touched by an Exceed. It was the black Exceed, if that sweetens the pot for anyone. If you're interested, contact Little Wendy. She's out near the car lot.\_

\_A new man came into town today. Who is he? What does he want from us? Why does he lose his clothes? Why his perfect and beautiful haircut? Why his perfect and beautiful abs? He says he is a scientist. Well, we have all been scientists and one point or another in our lives. But why now? Why here? And just what does he plan to do with all those breakers and humming electrical instruments in that lab he is rentingâ€”the one next to Mira's Pizza? No one does a slice like Mirajane. No one.\_

\_Just a reminder to all the parents out there. Let's talk about safety when taking your children out to play in the Scrub Lands and the Sand Wastes. You need to give them plenty of water, make sure there's a shade tree in the area, and keep an eye on the helicopter colors. Are the unmarked helicopters circling the area black? Probably World Government. Not a good area for play that day. Are they blue? That's Sheriff Erza's Secret Police. They'll keep a good eye on your kids, and hardly ever take one. Are they painted with complex murals depicting birds of prey diving? No one knows what those helicopters are, or what they want. Do not play in the area. Return to your home, and lock the doors until a Sheriff's Secret Policeman leaves a carnation on your porch to indicate that the danger has passed. Cover your ears to blot out the screams. Also, remember: Gatorade is basically soda, so give your kids plain old water, and maybe some orange slices when they play.\_

\_A commercial airliner flying through local airspace disappeared today, only to reappear in the Fairy Tail Elementary gymnasium during basketball practice, disrupting practice quite badly. The jet roared through the small gym for only a fraction of a second, and before it could strike any players or structure, it vanished again, this time apparently for good. There is no word yet on if or how this will affect Fairy Tail Mountain Lion's game schedule, and also, if this could perhaps be the work of their bitter rivals the Sabertooth Cacti. Sabertooth is always trying to show us up through fancier uniforms, better pregame snacks, and possibly, by transporting a commercial jet into our gymnasium, delaying practice for several minutes at least. For shame, Sabertooth. For shame.\_

\_That new scientist we now know is named Gray called a town meeting. He has a square jaw and teeth like a military cemetery. His hair is perfect, and we all hate and despair and love that perfect hair in equal measure. Little Wendy brought corn muffins, which were decent, but lacked salt. She said the Exceeds had taken her salt for a godly mission, and she hadn't yet gotten around to buying more. Gray told us that we are, by far, the most scientifically interesting community in Fiore, and he had come to study just what is going around here. He grinned, and everything about him was perfect, and I fell in love instantly. Government agents from a vague, yet menacing, agency were in the back watching. I fear for Gray. I fear for Fairy Tail. I fear for anyone caught between what they know and what they don't yet know that they don't know.\_

\_We received a press release this morning. The Fairy Tail Business Association is proud to announce the opening of the brand new Fairy Tail Harbor and Waterfront Recreation Area. I have been to these facilities myself recently on their invitation, and I can tell you that it is absolutely top of the line and beautiful. Sturdy docking areas made from eco-friendly post-consumer material, a boardwalk for pedestrians, and plenty of stands ready for local food vendors and

merchants to turn into a bustling public marketplace. Now, there is some concern about the fact that, given we are in the middle of a desert, there is no actual water at the waterfrontâ€”and that is a definite drawback, I agree. For instance, the boardwalk is currently overlooking sagebrush and rocks. The Business Association did not provide a specific remedies for this problem, but they assured me that the new harbor would be a big boost to Fairy Tail nonetheless. Maybe wait until a flash flood and head down there for the full waterfront experience.\_

\_The local chapter of the NRA is selling bumper stickers as part of their fundraising week. They sent the station one to get some publicity, and we're here to serve the community so I'm happy to let you all know about it. The stickers are made from good, sturdy vinyl, and they read, 'Guns Don't Kill People; It's Impossible To Be Killed By A Gun; We Are All Invincible To Bullets And It's A Miracle.' Stand outside of your front door and shout, "NRA," to order one.\_

\_Gray and his team of scientists warn that one of the houses in the new development of Desert Creek, out back of the old elementary school, doesn't actually exist. It seems like it exists, explained Gray and his perfect abs, like it's just right there when you look at it. And it's between two identical houses, so it would make more sense for it to be there than not. But, he says, they have done experiments, and the house is definitely not there. At news time, the scientists are standing in a group in front of the nonexistent house, daring each other to go knock on the door.\_

\_A great howling was heard from the Fairy Tail Post Office yesterday. Postal workers claim no knowledge, although passersby described the sound as being a little like a human soul being destroyed through black magic. Bacchus, the Indian Trackerâ€”now, I don't know if you've seen this guy around; he's the one who appears to be of maybe Slavic origin, yet wears an Indian headdress out of some racist cartoon and claims to be able to be able to read tracks on asphaltâ€”he appeared on the scene, and swore that he would discover the truth. No one responded because it's really hard to take him seriously in that headdress of his.\_

\_Lights, seen in the sky above the Arby's. Not the glowing sign of Arby's; something higher and beyond that. We know the difference. We've caught onto their game. We understand the lights-above-Arby's game. Invaders from another world. Ladies and gentlemen, the future is here, and it's about a hundred feet above the Arby's.\_

\_Gray and his scientists at the monitoring station near Route 800 say their seismic monitors have been indicating wild seismic shifts, meaning to say that the ground should be going up all over the place. I don't know about you folks, but the ground has been as still as the crust of a tiny globe rocketing through an endless void could be. Gray says that they've double-checked the monitors and they are in perfect working order. To put it plainly, there appears to be catastrophic earthquakes happening right here in Fairy Tail that absolutely no one can feel. Well, submit an insurance claim anyway, see what you can get, right?\_

\_Traffic time, listeners. Now, police are issuing warnings about ghost cars out on the highways, those cars only visible in the distance, reaching unimaginable speeds, leaving destinations unknown for destinations more unknown. They would like to remind you that you

should not set your speed by these aberrations, and doing so will not be considered following the flow of traffic. However, they do say that it's probably safe to match speed with the mysterious lights in the sky, as whatever entities or organization is responsible appear to be cautious and reasonable drivers.\_

\_And now, the weather.\_

\_(These and More Than These, Joseph Fink)\_

\_Welcome back, listeners.\_

\_The sun didn't set at the correct time today, Gray and his team of scientists report. They are quite certain about it. They checked multiple clocks, and the sun definitely set ten minutes later than it was supposed to. I asked them if they had any explanations, but they did not offer anything concrete. Mostly they sat in a circle around a desk clock, staring at it, murmuring and cooing. Still, we must be grateful to have the sun at all. It's easy to forget in this hot, hot, hot desert climate, but things would actually be slightly harder for us without the sun. The next time the sun rises, whatever time that turns out to be, take a moment to feel grateful for all the warmth, and light, and even, yes, extreme heat that our desert community is gifted with.\_

\_The city council would like to remind you about the Tiered Heavens, and the Hierarchy of Exceeds. The reminder is that you should not know anything about this. The structure of heaven and the Exceedial Organizational Chart are privileged information known only to the city council members on a need-to-know basis. Please, do not speak to or acknowledge any exceeds that you might come across while shopping at the Conbolt's or at the Desert Flower Bowling Alley and Arcade Fun Complex. They only tell lies, and do not exist. Report all exceed sightings to the city council for treatment.\_

\_And now for a brief public service announcement: Alligators. Can they kill your children? Yes.\_

\_Along those lines, to get personal for a moment, I think the best way to die would be swallowed by a giant snake. Going feet first and whole into a slimy maw would give your life perfect symmetry.\_

\_Speaking of the Desert Flower Bowling Alley and Arcade Fun Complex, its owner, Bickslow, reports that he has found the entrance to a vast underground city in the pin retrieval area of lane five. He said he has not yet ventured into it, merely peered down at its strange spires and broad avenues. He also reports voices of a distant crowd in the depths of that subterranean metropolis. Apparently, the entrance was discovered when a bowling ball accidentally rolled into it, clattering down to the city below with sounds that echoed for miles across the impossibly huge cavern—so, you know, whatever population that city has, they know about us now, and we might be hearing from them very soon.\_

\_Gray, perfect and beautiful, came into our studios during the break earlier, but declined to stay for an interview. He had some sort of blinking box in his hand covered with wires and tubes. Said he was testing the place for materials. I don't know what materials he meant, but that box sure whistled and beeped a lot. When he put it

close to the microphone it sounded like, well, like a bunch of baby birds had just woken up, really went crazy. Gray looked nervous. I've never seen that kind of look on someone with that strong of a jaw. He left in a hurry. Told us to evacuate the building. But then, who would be here to talk sweetly to all of you out there? Settling in to be another clear night and pretty evening here in Fairy Tail. I hope all of you out there have someone to sleep through it with, or, at least, good memories of when you did.\_

\_Good night, listeners. Good night.\_

\*\*AN: Don't know where this came from, I was boredâ€|\*\*

## 2. Glow Cloud

\_\*\*Juvia: \*\*\_The desert seems vast, even endless, and yet scientists tell us that somewhere, even now, there is snow. Welcome to Fairy Tail.\_

\_The Fairy Tail Tourism Board's Visitable Fairy Tail campaign has kicked off with posters encouraging folks to take their family on a scenery-filled jaunt through the trails of Radon Canyon. Their slogan? 'The view is literally breathtaking.' Posters will be placed at police stations and frozen yogurt shops in nearby towns, along with promotional giveaways of plastic sheeting and re-breathers.\_

\_And now, the news.\_

\_Have any of our listeners seen the glowing cloud that has been moving in from the west? Well, Droyâ€"you know, the farmer?â€"he saw it over the western ridge this morning, said he would have thought it was the setting sun if it wasn't for the time of day. Apparently the cloud glows in a variety of colors, perhaps changing from observer to observer, although all report a low whistling when it draws near. One death has already been attributed to the glow cloud. But listen, it's probably nothing. If we had to shut down the town for every mysterious event that at least one death could be attributed to, we'd never have time to do anything, right? That's what Sheriff Erza's Secret Police are saying, and I agree. Although, I would not go so far as to endorse their suggestion to run directly at the cloud, shrieking and waving your arms, just to see what it does.\_

\_The, Bacchus, Apache Trackerâ€"and I remind you that this is that white guy who wears the huge and cartoonishly inaccurate Indian headdressâ€"has announced that he has found some disturbing evidence concerning the recent incident at the Fairy Tail Post Office, which has been sealed by the city council since the great screaming that was heard from it a few weeks ago. He said that using ancient Indian magics he slipped through council security into the post office, and observed that all the letters and packages had been thrown about as in a whirlwind, that there was the heavy stench of scorched flesh, that the words written in blood on the wall said, "More to come, and soon." Can you believe this guy said he used Indian magics? What an asshole.\_

\_Here's something odd. There is a cat hovering in the men's bathroom at the radio station here. He is blue, and seems perfectly happy and healthy, but it's floating about four feet off the ground next to the

sink. Doesn't seem to be able to move from its current hover spot. If you pet him, he purrs, and he'll rub on your body like a normal cat if you get close enough. Fortunately, because he's right by the sink, it was pretty easy to leave some water and food where he could get it, and it's nice to have a station pet. Wish it wasn't trapped in a hovering prison in the men's bathroom, but listen: no pet is perfect. It becomes perfect when you learn to accept it for what it is. We've named him Happy\_

\_And now, a message from our sponsors.\_

\_I took a walk on the cool sand dunes, brittle grass overgrown, and above me the night sky, above me I saw. Bitter taste of unripe peaches and a smell I could not place nor could I escape. I remembered other times that I could not escape. I remembered other smells. The moon slunk like a wounded animal. The world spun like it had lost control. Concentrate only on breathing, and let go of ideas you had about nutrition and alarm clocks. I took a walk on the cool sand dunes, brittle grass overgrown, and above me the night sky, above me I saw.\_

\_This message was brought to you by Coca Cola.\_

\_The city council, in cooperation with government agents from a vague, yet menacing, agency, is asking all citizens to stop by the Fairy Tail Elementary School gymnasium tonight at seven for a brief questionnaire about mysterious sights that definitely no one saw, and strange thoughts that in no way occurred to anyone, because all of are normal, and to be otherwise would make us outcasts from our own community. Remember: if you see something, say nothing, and drink to forget.\_

\_The Boy Scouts of Fairy Tail have announced some slight changes to their hierarchy, which will now be the following: Cub Scout, Boy Scout, Eagle Scout, Blood Pact Scout, Weird Scout, Dreadnought Scout, Dark Scout, Fear Scout, and finally, Eternal Scout. As always, signup is automatic and random, so please keep an eye out for the scarlet envelope that will let you know your son has been chose for the process.\_

\_This is probably nothing listeners, but Droyâ€"you know, the farmerâ€"he reports that the Glow Cloud is directly over Old Town Fairy Tail, and appears to be raining small creatures upon the earth. Armadillos, lizards, a few crowsâ€"that kind of thing. Fortunately, the animals appear to be dead already, so the Fairy Tail Animal Control Department has said that it should be a snap to clean those up. They just have to be tossed on the Eternal Animal Pyre in Mission Grove Park, so, if that's the worst the Glow Cloud has for us, I say go ahead and do your daily errands. Just bring along a good strong umbrella capable of handling falling animals up to, say, ten pounds. More on the Glow Cloud as it continues to crawl across our sky. And hey, here's a tip: take your kids out, and use the Cloud's constantly mutating hue to teach him or her the names of colors. It's fun, and it shows them the real-life applications of learning.\_

\_Alert: Sheriff Erza's Secret Police are searching for a fugitive named Zeref, who escaped custody last night following a 9pm arrest. Zeref is described as a black haired man, deceptively cute, who seems to kill everything he touches. He is suspected of insurance fraud. Zeref was pulled over for speeding last night, and the Secret Police

became suspicious when he allegedly gave the officers a fake driver's license for large, buff man named Azuma. After discerning that Azuma was actually a murderous wizard from somewhere other than our century, the Secret Police searched Zeref's vehicle. Representatives from local civil rights organizations have protested that officers had no legal grounds to search the vehicle, but they ceded the point when reminded by Secret Police officials that our backwards court system will uphold any old authoritarian rule made up on the fly by unsupervised gun-carrying thugs of a shadow government. The Secret Police say Zeref escaped police custody by breathing fire from his purple head, and he was last seen flying and shrieking over Red Mesa. Secret Police are asking for tips leading to the arrest of Zeref. They remind you that, if seen, he should not be approached, as he is literally a murderous wizard. Contact Sheriff Erza's Secret Police if you have any information. Ask for Officer Ben. Helpful tipsters will earn one stamp on their Alert Citizen card. Collect five stamps, and you get stop sign immunity for one year.\_

\_And now, a look at the community calendar.\_

\_Saturday, the public library will be unknowable. Citizens will forget the existence of the library from 6am Saturday morning until 11pm that night. The library will be under a sort of renovation. It is not important what kind of renovation.\_

\_Sunday is Dot Day! Remember, red dots on what you love, blue dots on what you don't. Mixing those up can cause permanent consequences.\_

\_Monday, Nab is offering bluegrass lessons in the back of Nab's Music Shop. Of course, the shop burned down years ago, and Nab skipped town immediately after with his insurance money, but he's sent word that you should bring your instrument to the crumbled ashy shell of where his shop once was, and pretend that he is there in the darkness teaching you. The price is \$50 per lesson, payable in advance.\_

\_Tuesday afternoon, join the Fairy Tail PTA for a bake sale to support Citizens for a Blood Space War. Proceeds will go to support neutron bomb development and deployment to our outer solar system allies.\_

\_Wednesday has been cancelled due to a scheduling error.\_

\_And on Thursday is a free concert. And...that's all it says here.\_

\_New call in from Droyâ€"you know, the farmer? Seems the Glow Cloud has doubled in size, enveloping all of Fairy Tail in its weird light and humming song. Little League administration has announced that they will be going ahead with the game, although there will be an awning built over the field due to the increasing size of the animal corpses being dropped. I've had multiple reports that a lion, like the kind you would see on the sunbaked plains of Africa, or a pee-stained enclosure at a local zoo, fell on top of the White Sand Ice Cream Shop. The Shop is offering a free dipped cone to anyone who can figure out how to get the thing off.\_

\_Sheriff Erza's Secret Police have apparently taken to shouting questions at the Glow Cloud, trying to ascertain what exactly it

wants. So far, the Glow Cloud has not answered. \_\_\*\*The Glow Cloud does not need to converse with us. It does not feel as we tiny humans feel. It has no need for thoughts or feelings of love. The Glow Cloud simply is. All hail the mighty Glow Cloud. All hail.\*\*\_\_

\_\_\*\*And now, slaves of the Cloud, the weather.\*\*\_\_

\_\_(The Bus is Late, Satellite High)\_\_

\_Sorry, listeners. Not sure what happened in that earlier section of the broadcast. As in, I actually don't remember what happened. Tried to play back the tapes, but they're all blank, and smell faintly of vanilla.\_

\_The Glow Cloud, meanwhile, has moved on. It is now just a glowing spot in the distance, humming east to destinations unknown. We may never fully understand, or, understand at all what it was and why it dumped a lot of dead animals on our community. But, and I'm going to get a little personal here, that's the essence of life, isn't it? Sometimes you go through things that seem huge at the time, like a mysterious glowing cloud devouring your entire community. While they're happening they feel like the only thing that matters, and you can hardly imagine that there's a world out there that might have anything else going on. And then the Glow Cloud moves on. And you move on. And the event is behind you. And you may find that, as time passes, you remember it less and less—or not at all, in my case. And you are left with nothing but a powerful wonder at the fleeting nature of even the most important things in life, and the faint, but pretty, smell of vanilla.\_

\_Dear listeners, here is a list of things. Emotions you don't understand upon viewing a sunset. Lost pets, found. Lost pets, unfound. A secret lost pet city on the moon. Trees that see. Restaurants that hear. A void that thinks. A face half seen just before falling asleep. Trembling hands reaching for desperately needed items. Sandwiches. Silence when there should be noise. Noise when there should be silence. Nothing when you want something. Something when you thought there was nothing. Clear plastic binder sheets. Scented dryer sheets. Rain coming down in sheets. Night. Rest. Sleep. End.\_

\_Goodnight, listeners. Goodnight.\_

### 3. Station Management

\_\_\*\*Juvia: \*\*\_\_The Arctic is lit by the midnight sun. The surface of the moon is lit by the face of the Earth. Our little town is lit too, by lights just above that we cannot explain. Welcome to Fairy Tail.\_

\_The Fairy Tail Daily Journal has announced that they will be cutting back their publication schedule to Monday through Thursday only, due to the economic downturn and a massive decline in the literate population. The Thursday Daily Journal will now be called the Weekend Edition, and on Sundays, newspaper kiosks usually filled with important newsprint will be filled with 2% milk. When asked why milk, the Journal's publishing editor Levy McGarden said, "It is important that we maintain an unbiased approach to news reporting."\_



\_The Fairy Tail Business Association is proud to announce the new Fairy Tail Stadium, next to The Fairy Tail Harbor and Waterfront Recreation Area. The stadium will be able to seat 50,000, but will be closed all nights of the year except for November 10\_\_th\_\_, for the annual parade of the mysterious hooded figures, in which all of our favorite ominous hooded figuresâ€”the one that sets things on fire, the ones that meet regularly in the dog park to fight, and the one that will occasionally steal scrap metal, and for reasons no one can understand, we all stand by and let him do itâ€”all of them will be parading proudly through Fairy Tail Stadium. I tell you, with these new facilities, it promises to be quite a spectacle. And then, it promises to be a vast, dark, and echo-y space for the other meaningless 364 days of the year.\_

\_Here at the radio station it's contract negotiation season with the station management again! That's always an interesting time. Now, obviously, I'm not allowed to go into details, but negotiation is tricky when you're never allowed to glimpse what you're negotiating with. Station management stays inside their office at all times, only communicating with us through sealed envelopes that are spat out from under the door like a sunflower shell through teeth. Then, in order to respond, you just kind of shout at the closed door and hope that management hears. Sometimes you can see movements through the frosted glass, large shaped shifting around, strange tendrils whipping through the air. Architecturally speaking, the apparent size of management's office does not physically make sense given the size of the building, but it's hard to say really, as no one has ever seen the actual office. Only its translucence.\_

\_Look, I've probably said too much. I can see down the hall that an envelope just came flying out. I pray it's not another HR retraining session in the Dark Box. Uhhhhhg. But what can I say. I'm a reporter at heart! I can't not report.\_

\_--papers shuffling--\_

\_Oh! My. Let's go to the seven-day outlook. Your daily shades of the sky forecast. Monday: turquoise. Tuesday: taupe. Wednesday: robin's egg. Thursday: turquoise-taupe. Friday: coal dust. Saturday: coal dust with chances of indigo in the late afternoon. Sunday: void.\_

\_The city council has asked me to remind everyone about the new drive to clean up litter. Fairy Tail is our home. And who wants to leave trash all over their home? Put it in the garbage can, listeners. And if you see any trash around, pick it up, and throw it away! Do your part. Unless the trash is marked with a small red flag. The council has asked me to remind you that any litter marked with a red flag is not to be picked up or approached. Remember the slogan: No flag? Goes in the bag. Red flag? Run.\_

\_Listeners, we are currently fielding numerous reports that books have stopped working. It seems that all over Fairy Tail, books have simply ceased functioning. The scientists are studying one of the broken books to see if they can understand just what is going on here. The exact problem is currently unclear, but some of the words being used include 'sparks,' 'meat smell,' 'biting,' and 'lethal gas.' For your own safety, please do not attempt to open a book until we have more information on the nature and cause of these problems. The city council has released only a brief statement, indicating that

their stance on books has not changed, and that, as always, they believe that books are dangerous and inadvisable, and should not be kept in private homes.\_

\_Another warning for Fairy Tail residents. Sources say that the Used and Discount Sporting Goods Store on Flint Dr. is a front for the World Government. This is based on extensive study of the location, and also because it has a black helicopter pad on which black helicopters regularly depart and land; fairly unusual for a used and discount sporting goods store. We sent our intern, Jason, to try buying a tennis racket, and have not heard back from him for several weeks. This brings me to a related point. To the parents of Jason the intern: we regret to inform you that your son was lost in the line of community radio duty, and that he will be missed, and never forgotten. May you all feel blessed to have the family that you have, and if you're looking for sporting goods, check out Play Ball right over by our own community radio station! Play Ball is only a front for Sheriff Erza's Secret Police, and so can be completely trusted.\_

\_Max Alors out on the edge of town reported that a creeping fear came into Night Vale today. He felt it first as a mild apprehension, then, a growing worry, and finally, a mortal panic. It passed from him to the employees at the car lot, who crouched behind their cars and cast fearful eyes at the empty sky. It did not affect Little Wendy, presumably because of her Exceed protection, but it went from there to the rest of the town until we all were shivering in anticipation for a terrible thing we could not yet see. I myself was frozen, sure that any movement would lead to death, that any word would be my last. Of course, that also could have been the contracts negotiations with station management, and the hideous envelope I just received. Also, I'm battling Lyme disease.\_

\_Meanwhile, the creeping fear passed, first leaving Max Alors out on the edge of town, and then the car lot, where they went back to offering gently used cars at affordable prices, and finally, the rest of us, who could go back to living with the knowledge that at any given moment we will either live or die, and it's no use guessing which. It is not currently known where the creeping fear will go nextâ€”hopefully, to Sabertooth. It would serve them right.\_

\_Two hawkeyed listeners sent in reports that Gray, our curious scientific visitor, was seen getting his beautiful, beautiful hair cut. He was having his gorgeous hair shorn! Cut! Cut short! So very short from his perfectly shaped brilliant head. Listeners, I am not one to gossip even if it is a local celebrity, but please explain to me why Gray would strip away, decimate, any part of his thick black hairâ€”not to ignore the dignified, if premature, touch of grey in the temples. What treacherous barber should agree to such depravity? Who takes mere money, or even soulless joy, in depriving our small community of such a simple, but important, act as luridly admiring Gray's stunning coif? Reports from two intrepid sources are that it was Cancer the Barber. Cancer, who likes crabs, and has posters of combs. Cancer the Barber seems to be the one who betrayed our community. Cancer the Barber. It is Cancer the Barber at the corner of southwest 5\_\_th\_\_Street and Old Musk Road with the red and white spinning pole and the sign that says, 'Cancer's.' Cancer is about six foot 4 with dreadlocks and a skinny build. He adds '-ebi' to the end of his sentences, and sneers. Cancer the Barber cut Gray's beautiful hair. According to reports. Cancer.\_

\_Now, while I gather myself, let's have a look at traffic.\_

\_Oh. Wow! ...Well, that looks pretty good. Yup. Yeeeeeess. Okay, not too bad there either I see. Oh! That gentleman needs to slow it down! It is not a race my friend! Not a literal one, anyway.\_

\_That has been traffic.\_

\_And now for an editorial.\_

\_I don't ask favors much, dear listeners, that you know, but I'm asking all of you right now to conduct a letter writing campaign to station management, which was not pleased with my discussion of their physical attributes and behavior, and is now threatening to shut down my show—or possibly, my life. For good. Their wording was...kind of ambiguous. Obviously we will not be able to deliver the letters directly to the management\_\_per se\_\_, as no one has ever opened their door, but we can shout the content of the letters outside their office and, we presume, given an anatomy that includes ears, they will be able to hear what you have to say. So if you like this show, and you want to hear more of it, then we need to hear from you. Make your voice heard to whatever it is that lies in wait behind that darkened office door.\_

\_—dramatic crashing—\_

\_Oh! Um, I'm sorry dear listeners—we'll be back after this word from our sponsors.\_

\_This segment has been brought to us by Mira's Pizza. Listeners, we are proud to have Mira's as a sponsor of our show. You will not find a better pizza joint in all of Fairy Tail than Mira's. Just the other night, I stopped by Mira's. I was in the mood for a delicious pizza slice, and since Mira's is the only pizza place in Fairy Tail that has not burned to the ground in an unsolved arson case, and did I mention, is also the best pizza in town, I ordered a single Mira's slice with two authentic toppings. And boy, was I satisfied. The flavor was scrumptious. The taste was also scrumptious. And it was warm, the pizza slice! I have been told that even the hooded figures eat there; the wait staff look like they avert their hollow gazes quite a bit. Even the city council offers its ringing endorsement of Mira's. All Fairy Tail citizens are mandated to eat at Mira's once a week. It is a misdemeanor not to. Mira's Pizza. No one does a slice like Mirajane, folks! No one.\_

\_And now, sweet, sweet listeners...the weather.\_

\_(Bill and Annie, Chuck Brodsky)\_

\_—muffled crashing and roaring—\_

\_Hello, radio audience. I come to you live from under my desk, where I have dragged my microphone, and am currently hiding in the fetal position. Did you write letters? Then you should not do this anymore. Station management has opened its door for the first time in my memory, and is now roaming the building. I don't know exactly what management looks like, as that is when I took cover under my desk, and I can only hope that they are not listening to what's going out right now or else I may have sealed my fate. I can hear only a kind

of clicking footstep, and a faint hissing sound like releasing steam. An intern went to what management wanted and has not returned. If you are related to Warren, afternoon board operator at Fairy Tail Community Radio, I am sorry to inform you that he is probably dead or at least corporally absorbed into management permanently. Warren and Jason the interns will both be missed, but we will surely see them in the Thanksgiving Day Dead Citizens Impersonation Contest, which this year will be in the employee lounge under the Fairy Tail Mall from 11am to 9:45pm. â€"\_\_light sob\_\_- There will be a cash bar and two twister boards. â€"\_\_sharp inhale\_\_- I am going to see if I can make a break for the door. If you don't hear from me again, it has truly been a pleasure. Good night, Fairy Tail. And goodbye!\_

End  
file.